How like a younger or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hugd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde,
How like the prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouer-wetherd ribs and ragged ſayles,
Leane, rent, and beggerd by the ſtrumpet wind?

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Sal.* Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

*Lo.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
Not I, but my affaires haue made you waite:
When you ſhal pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch,
Here dwels my father *Iew.* Ho, whoſe within?

*Ieſſica aboue.*

*Ieſſ.* Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that *I* do know your tongue.

*Lor. Lorenzo* and thy loue.

*Ieſſ. Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

*Lo.* Heauen & thy thoghts are witnes that thou art

*Ieſſ.* Here, catch this Casket, tis worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

*Ieſſ.* What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames,
They in themſelues goodſooth are too too light.
Why tis an office of diſcouery, Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

*Lor.* So are you ſweete,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy,
But come at once, for the cloſe night

Doth



Doth play the run-a
And we are ſtaid fo
*Ieſſ.* I will make fa
With ſome mo duc
*Grat.* Now by m
*Lor.* Beſhrew me
For ſhe is wiſe, if I
And faire ſhe is, if t
And true ſhe is, as ſh
And therefore like
Shall ſhe be placed

What, art thou com
Our masking mates

*E*

*Ant.* Who's the
*Gra.* Signior *An*
*Ant.* Fie, fie *Gra*
Tis nine a clocke, o
No maske to night
*Baſſanio* preſently w
I am glad on't, I de
Then to be vnder ſa

*Enter Portia w*

*Por.* Goe, draw a
The ſeuerall Caske
Now make your ch
*Mor.* The firſt o
Who chooſeth me
The ſecond ſiluer, v
Who chooſeth me,
This third, dull lea
Who chooſeth me
How ſhall I know